

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1886.

NO. 166.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understand if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

Kind Advice Appreciated.

Editor and Proprietor of the Interior Journal:—I have been a subscriber to your paper for some time, and have just received a copy of the issue of the 1st inst. containing a letter to James G. Blaine, and has just received a reply. Following are the letters:

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE—Dear Sir: As a friend and admirer of you as a republican statesman, and one who worked hard and faithfully to secure your election to the Presidency, allow me to suggest that you at once stop denouncing the prohibitionists, or you will hurt the republican party so deep that reconstruction will be impossible. As all good citizens know, the prohibition cause is just and right, and is rapidly progressing. Now Jersey will give the Prohibition gubernatorial candidate this fall over 30,000 votes, of which 20,000 at least will be drawn from the republican party.

For God's sake advise our party to come out square for prohibition. We need a new issue, and on this one alone we can win in both State and nation. Let our party, which has always been the party of reform and progress, take up this question, as they did slavery, and settle it forever. Yours truly,
P. HALL PACKER.

P. HALL PACKER, Esq.—My Dear Sir: Yours of 6th at hand. Thanks for your very kind advice. Yours very respectfully,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

BAN HANCOCK, Sept. 20.

Not a Life to Save.

I love poor vill to save old maids shander their young men. Dast shows they will never marry when young men unhappiness by getting married with em.

I love poor vill to save young men's abridgment around a church door, ven der beebles was coming out. Dast shows they was on der birch.

I love poor vill to save young men's walk der street over, and been poor lady outd on der life. Dast shows der before courage.

I love to save young men's drink whiskey and get drunk like dander. Dast shows they der eluding vat be knows about and you find it poor quick out.

I love to save young men's and man's dark and life in morden. Dast shows they have fine feeling, and dast shows interest in dinge dot was seriousness.

I love to save babies who trouble mit mine piousness. Dast comes der life mit me, and how I got along.

I love to save some babies die and make bump on Sunday. Dast was a sign they got more as a parcel of regard von day out.

I love to hear von speak efer tay pad annuider von. Dast was a share they bafe got a good retribution themselves.

D. N. W.

How To Keep Cider Sweet.

—Pure sweet cider that is arrested in the process of fermentation before it becomes acetic acid or alcohol, and with carbonic acid gas worked out, is one of the most delightful beverages. The following scientific method of treating cider preserves its sweetness: When the saccharine matters by fermentation are being converted into alcohol, if a tart tube be inserted right into the bung, with the other end into a pail of water, to allow the carbonic acid gas evolved to pass off without admitting any air into the barrel, a barytes will be obtained that is a fit medium for the gas. A handy way is to fill your cask nearly up to the faucet when the cask is rolled so that the bung is down. Get a common rubber tube and slip it over the end of the plug in the faucet, with the other end in the pail. Then turn the plug so the cider can have communication with the pail. After the water ceases to bubble, bottle or store away.

[Farm, Field and Fireside.]

THEY NEVER STRIKE—There is a class of people in this country who get up at five o'clock in the morning and who never get back into bed until ten or eleven o'clock at night; who work without ceasing the whole of that time, and receive no other emolument than food and plainest clothing. They understand something of every branch of economy and labor, from finance to cooking. Though harassed by a hundred responsibilities, though driven and worried, though reproached and looked down upon, they never revolt; and they can not organize for their own protection. Not even sickness releases them from their pain. No sacrifice is deemed too great for them to make, and no incompetency in any branch of their work is excused. No essays or books or poems are written in tribute to their selflessness. They die in the harness and are supplanted as quickly as may be. These are the house-keeping wives of the laboring men.—[Chicago Shoe and Leather Review.]

There is this difference between the zealot and the religious man: The first spends his time battling for his particular creed, the latter spends his in living an upright life; the one demands all but him and his to kill, the other prays salvation for all mankind.—[Wallace Gruefle.]

Letter From Laurel.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]
McWHORTER, Oct. 5.—As I have been quartered in this portion of Laurel county for a month and having been to a considerable extent associated with quite a number of its citizens, and on leisure days traversed the country over, I wish to say something of the citizens and of the section up this way. The people are of the most hospitable nature, kind and obliging one to another, frugal and industrious; quiet and peaceable, and little or no trouble brews among them. The latch-string to their doors always hangs upon the outside of their dwellings, and though he be a stranger in their midst, he is ever a welcome guest and the kindest and best of attention is given him. A kinder and more friendly people do not inhabit any part of the earth. The finest and best of timber and in great abundance abound here, and the whole country is imbedded with the best of stone coal from 3 to 4 feet in thickness. The soil is good, the land producing from 6 to 10 barrels of corn to the acre, and wheat, oats and the various grasses grow well and are quite remunerative to the farmer. It is also a fine tobacco country, splendid crops of tobacco being produced in this part of the country.

McWhorter is a small town just starting up, and is situated upon Rockcastle River and near the county lines of Laurel, Clay and Jackson. There are now some good buildings in the place, some 8 or 10 dwellings, two dry goods stores, and good ones, owned by Captain D. B. House and McWhorter & Balling. The business houses as well as dwellings are new and good ones. It also has a large steam saw mill, also run by Capt. D. B. House, who is a very energetic and thorough business man. They have a semi-weekly mail to McWhorter and their postmaster, Major Cannon McWhorter, is just one of the best kind of fellows, and an attentive man to business. It is a beautiful site for the building up of quite a town. The valley of the river is rich and fertile land.

Should the Kentucky Central railroad company ever wish to make an extension of its line from its present terminus—the Sink of the Roundhouse—south, it can find no more practicable route than to run up Rockcastle river to its head and cross the low gap at Back's Store, which is the divide between the waters of Rockcastle river and the waters of Gasper creek; thence on down Back Water, passing a little to the left of Bourbonville and striking the Valley of the Cumberland at or near Pineville. The citizens are of the opinion that there would be but two short tunnels from the present terminus of the road to Back Water and none from there on to the Cumberland; and a finer timber and coal region was never traversed by a railroad.

D. N. WILLIAMS.

Oh, yes, I see the republicans of the 8th Congressional district have hitched up a man against Gov. McCreary for Congress. Fellow, you had better not venture too far in that direction. The Governor is very popular and even in Laurel, as a republican as it is, he is going to pull a large vote in November, and don't you forget it.

D. N. W.

A Plentiful Lack of Hair.

Scientists have been asserting for some time that the man of the future is to be without hair—less hair-brows, as it were, than the uncivilized races of the preceding ages. Straws continue to show that the scientists are right. According to a writer in *Popular Science* 48 per cent. of men at a Paris concert were bald, while only 12 per cent. were without hair on their heads at a Sullivan prize fight. Thus does advancing culture do away with hair.

An interesting text has been made which shows that beards also are disappearing beneath the crush of advancing civilization. Gen. Boulenger, looked forward to the time when the French should "beard" the Germans in his den, has ordered his soldiers to let their heads grow. But the beards will not grow. The ambitious private may exclaim "Parbleu!" and "Secre!" as much as he chooses, but his beard still fails to assume a military ferocity.

The French have become too civilized as a nation to raise whiskers which shall awe their foes. They must hereafter conquer by intellect and not by hair. The whole enlightened race might as well become reconciled to the same fate which has overtaken the French army.

A college student once translated the Greek words, *krania gumnatukalou* (heads shorn of their beauty), "the bald heads of the beautiful." In the language of the proof reader, etc., let it stand. It is the translation which is most pertinent to our modern lack of hair. "The bald heads of the beautiful" seem destined to become the striking feature of the generations near at hand.—[World.]

"Did you know that a cigar dealer violates the law nearly every time you buy a cigar?" asked an officer of a *Gazette* representative the other day.

"Well, no, I did not know it," was the scribe's response. "How does he do it?"

"Just this way," pursued the officer. "You call for a cigar, the dealer takes a handful from the box, spreads them out before you, and after you have selected what you want he returns the remainder to the box. This is a violation of the law. The dealer has no right to return those cigars to the box, and he could be punished for it."

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Our public and high schools have been united and are now being taught in the College building. Some 90 odd pupils have been enrolled on the books. Mrs. Tarrant has employed Miss E. Edmunds, of Louisville, to assist her; the latter teaching the public school and the former the college department.

—Miss Mollie Brooks will begin giving art lessons to a class of young ladies at her home next week. She is a fine artist and all who desire to take lessons would do well to patronize her. A few days ago we were shown a large picture which she is now painting in oil and which she will be a worthy specimen of her talent and ability.

—On last Tuesday night, after a lingering illness of consumption, Mrs. Sam Hazleton entered the world of spirits. Her remains were taken to Lancaster on Wednesday and interred in the cemetery there. She leaves a husband and three little children to mourn her departure; but not so those who mourn without hope, for they have the sweet assurance that she was prepared for death and ready to answer the Master's call.

—The meeting at the Christian church will continue. We have large congregations and much interest is manifested, though no confessions yet. All who have heard Mr. Montgomery preach are well pleased with him. Mr. Sim Cook has kindly placed an organ in the church to be used during the meeting. The members are seriously thinking of purchasing it to use all the time. Miss Annie Holmes presides as organist and the sweet music adds much to the interest of the meeting, which will continue until after next Sunday.

—Mr. George James has returned from Louisville with a new stock of goods. Mr. D. C. Payne has opened a new grocery in the corner store-room of the Harris House. Rev. Mr. Duncan and wife are boarding at Mrs. Barker's and not at Mr. Ward's, as reported last week. Mrs. Eliza Carson has rented rooms from Mrs. Clara Singleton and gone to housekeeping. Mrs. Tarrant has rented and moved into Miss Jennie Buchanan's house on Lancaster street, opposite the College.

—Mrs. Lucien Laxley, who has been confined to her bed for over a week, is now able to sit up. Mr. Joe Brooks is down with fever, but improving at this writing. Lt. Scott is quite ill and in a very critical condition. We are glad to report that Miss Sallie Green is fast recovering from a severe fall from her horse several days ago. While crossing the creek the horse's foot slipped, thus throwing Miss Sallie from the saddle. Her shoulder was dislocated and she has suffered greatly from the fall, but not seriously.

—Mr. Robert Collier and his pretty bride are now boarding at Mr. Mack Holmes', but intend to go to housekeeping in a short time. When the news reached here that they had been married in Stanford, it created quite a sensation. Mr. Henry Fulmer and Miss Lara Doree accompanied them and what surprised us most was that there were not two weddings instead of one. Although rather late, we extend to the bride and groom our hearty congratulations and wish for them happiness, prosperity and long life.

—Mr. Frank Fox, of Danville, spent a day or two here this week. His visits are becoming quite frequent and if William Knauer be correct he will soon take from our midst one of our loveliest young ladies. Will our young men permit this? Also Mr. Himmam, Danville, paid C. O. a flying visit. He had better be careful, else a Crow will attack him. Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan have gone on a visit to relatives in Vermont. Miss Annie Scott, of Jessamine, is the guest of Miss Belle Livingston. Mr. and Mrs. George McKibben, of Rush Branch, spent several days this week with Mrs. W. T. Stephenson. Mrs. Jael Cooper is visiting in Mt. Vernon. Mrs. W. T. Green, who formerly lived here, has arrived and will spend the winter with Mrs. Mary Carson. They are now visiting in Danville. Miss Nannie Kennedy is the guest of Mrs. Robert Collier. Miss Maggie Newland is spending a few days with Mrs. John Bailey. Miss Kate Robinson is the guest of Mrs. Fannie Elmiston. Mr. Porter Robinson and family have moved to Mrs. Logan's near Stanford. Our people sincerely regret their having moved from here.

NUMBER OF HAIRS IN A HEAD—An eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blonde he found 140,409 hairs; in a brown, 100,410; in a black, 102,902; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually, and in all probability the scalps were all pretty equal in weight. It is to the goodness and multiplicity of hairs that blonde tresses owe the rich color and silk-like character of their flow, a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.—[Chicago Tribune.]

A paper at Winston, N. C., publishes a card by a young lady which sets forth that her fiancé having broken the engagement between them, and engaged himself to a woman whose husband had been dead only three months, she feels called on to say to the public that "during the engagement he borrowed money from me, which he never paid back, pretending to buy land with it, I don't want him and wouldn't have him since I have found him out."

RELIGIOUS.

—Ed. J. S. Sweeney has been elected for the 17th year to fill the pulpit of the Christian church at Paris.

—We received a telegram from Louisville yesterday from Elder John Bell Gibson stating that a protracted meeting will begin at the Christian church next Sunday. Ed. G. W. Yandey, of Lancaster, will assist the pastor in the services.

—At the trial of Elder Jasper Grubbs before the Christian Church, of Sugar Creek, he was acquitted, though the opinion of the church was that he was indiscreet. The offense consisted of lying down in a state-room on the steamer Hornet with a young lady with whom he was traveling and who was in his charge.—[Caldwell Democrat.]

—Rev. J. E. Triplett will preach at McKinney next Saturday morning and on Sunday morning and night. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated after the morning sermon on Sunday and all Christians are most cordially invited to participate. These will be the last sermons preached at McKinney before he leaves for his new field of labor in Alabama.

—The Northern Methodist Conference closed its session at Lexington this week and will meet next time in Greensburg. In this district G. N. Jolly, who will live at Middleburg, is appointed presiding elder; H. D. Barnett goes to Highland; J. M. Oliver to Middleburg; B. E. Whitteman to Mintonville; Frederick Grider to Nicholasville and W. H. Childers to Somerset. Jacob Halpenny was sent to London and S. F. Kelley to Williamsburg.

—The Lutheran Observer joins with other newspapers in advocating changing the time for the national Thanksgiving Day from "black November to golden October." It says that November was chosen by the Puritans to bring the day near the Christmas time that it might take the place of that festival, to which they were opposed. But now that all Christians observe Christmas there is no reason for appointing Thanksgiving Day so late in the year.

A Kentucky planter was so pleased with the acting of a little girl in a play at Louisville that the next day he sent her a fine large doll to "amuse her when not at the theatre." This is the reply he received: "Kind friend, have just received your note and package containing the doll; thanks very much. The doll is very handsome. I showed it to my husband, and we think it will be great amusement for me."

A petition signed by many thousands of persons will be presented to the Legislature of Oregon next winter, asking the enactment of a law to prohibit liquor sellers from placing screens before their doors, or frosting or shading their windows so as to protect the "business" from the public view.—[Chicago Times.]

Little Tommy, an interesting boy, but timid when left alone in a dark room, was overheard recently by his mother to say in his loneliness: "O, Lord, don't let anybody hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday and give you some money."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chillsbains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

What Can Be Done?

By trying again and keeping up courage many things seemingly impossible may be attained. Hundreds of hopeless cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint have been cured by Electric Bitters, after everything else had been tried in vain. So don't think there is no cure for you, but try Electric Bitters. There is no medicine so safe, so pure and so perfect a Blood Purifier, Electric Bitters will cure Dyspepsia, Diabetes and all Diseases of the Kidneys. Invaluable in affections of Stomach and Liver, and overcome all Urinary Difficulties. Large bottles only 50 cents a bottle at Penny & McAllister.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAllister.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. March's Italian Pile Ointment—unquestionably guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Cathecolon, a Female Remedy, cures Female Diseases, such as Ovarian trouble, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. March, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

FOR SALE!

A valuable Stock Farm containing 312 Acres situated 1 mile from Crab Orchard on the Stanford Pike. The two new store-rooms and rooms over same, in Stanford, on South side of Main street, built by Jewell & Son. Also the brick residence in which I am now living. J. H. OWLEY, Stanford, Ky.

Store-Room For Rent

IN STANFORD. The Hayden Store-Room, the best in Stanford, in location an arrangement. Apply to W. G. WELCH, Stanford, Ky.

Lincoln Circuit Court.

W. W. Johnson vs. Jewel Johnston. On petition.

The petitioner has this day filed his petition in the Clerk's office of said Court, asking that said Jewel Johnston be empowered to use, enjoy, sell and convey for her own benefit any property she may own or acquire, free from the debts or claims of her husband, to make contracts, sue and be sued as a single woman, trade in her own name and dispose of her property by will or deed. It is now ordered that notice of said action be published in the Interior Journal, a newspaper published in Stanford, Ky., for ten days. JAMES F. BAILEY, Clerk Lincoln Circuit Court.

MACK BRUCE'S

Buggy & Implement House.

—I HAVE NOW—
A Full Line of Wheat Drills and other Agricultural Implements.

—Besides—
Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

M. M. BRUCE.

BOURNE!

—FROM WHENCE—
No Traveler Returns Sick!

In these tight times each traveler should consult his own interests. Why should you give one merchant \$50 for an article when you can buy the same thing from another for \$50. To do this is not justice to yourself or family.

In the next place, you should beware to get good articles. Poor goods are dear at any price. No where is this more so than in medicines. You might as well pay \$50 an ounce for saw dust as for inferior medicine. Bourne has just received his large stock of Medicines of all kinds. Every article fresh from the manufacturers. He now has the nicest and cheapest selection of fancy goods, show case articles, &c. &c. The celebrated Lander's Spectacles and eye glasses a specialty. The best brands of mixed paints—every can warranted. Splendid Jewelry, sewing machines, furniture, carpets, brushes, books of all kinds, stationery, a thousand articles for the dear grandma, mother and the dearest baby in the nursery—all at

Dr. M. L. Bourne's New Drug Store, Stanford, Ky.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chills Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.
"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."
EDWIN HARPER.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Commissioner's Sale

—OF—
UNION COLLEGE!

First National Bank of Stanford, Ky., and others vs. Trustees of Union College, Harboursville, Ky. Notice of Sale in Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Knox Circuit Court, rendered at the September term thereof, 1885, in the above styled cause, the undersigned will, on

Monday, October 25, 1886,

Between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 3 o'clock P. M., at the Court House door in Harboursville, Ky., being county court day, proceed to expose to Public Auction to the highest bidder, the following described property, viz: Union College, in Harboursville, Ky. Said property is a fine brick building, well and substantially built in modern style and cost about Eight Thousand Dollars, having been erected in 1880. Said property will be sold to satisfy a debt in favor of the First Nat. Bank of Stanford, Ky., for \$2,000, with interest thereon at 6 per cent. per annum from February 1, 1885, until paid. Also a debt in favor of Green E. Latt for \$1,000, with interest from July 10, 1884 until paid. Also a debt in favor of W. W. Sawyer for \$718.10, with interest from July 16, 1885, until paid. Also \$314.00, with interest from August 10, 1885, until paid, and like cost thereof.

TERMS OF SALE.—This sale will be made on a credit of 6 and 12 months. In equal installments. The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money, to have the force and effect of a judgment, bearing legal interest from day of sale with a lien retained upon the property until all the purchase money is paid.

W. F. CASTLEMAN,
164-2t Master Court's Clerk Circuit Court.

For Sale or Rent.

A WELL IMPROVED FARM. Within a mile of Stanford, containing 100 acres. New dwelling house. Also 23 acres farming land adjoining. Apply to E. T. ROCHESTER, 161-3t Or W. G. WELCH.

\$25 Reward!

Stolen from my pasture on the Somerset road, 7 miles from Crab Orchard, on Monday night, the 20th inst., a light bay mare, about 15 hands high, 6 years old, has a scar on left hind side like a burn; small white spot on left side inside of saddle. I will give a reward of \$25 for her return to me. J. B. HARRIS, Postoffice, Crab Orchard, Ky.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Fall Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Huchings, Corsets, Bowties, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Emile & Warren, next door to the St. Louis House. 162-2m

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public. M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Town Lot For Sale!

As representative of Mr. W. H. Anderson, I offer for sale privately his best brick house and lot of two acres on Somerset Avenue in Stanford. The place has all the necessary improvements and is a very desirable one. Call on or address me at Stanford in regard to it. 162-1t P. M. McROBERTS.

G. ELIAS & BRO.

—WHOLESALE—
TIMBER & LUMBER,

22 West Swan Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Highest cash price paid for White Ash, Black Ash, Red Birch, Cherry, Poplar, Butternut, Chestnut, Oak, Maple, Hickory, Walnut, Quartered White and Red Oak and Sycamore. A. C. SIAE, Southern Agent, Stanford, Ky.

NEWPORT NEWS & MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,

—THE—
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO ROUTE

Kentucky's Route East

—FOUNDED—
Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

The only line running

FULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

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A SOLID TRAIN

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Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky. to Washington City.

Connecting to the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

—The Direct Route to—
Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia and North Carolina Ports.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Monro, General Agent, Lexington, Ky. W. C. WICKHAM, H. W. FULLER, 24 Vice President, Gen'l Pass'g Ag't, Louisville, Ky.

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Baby Grand,
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We are opening the most carefully selected, the finest and best stock of

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is the pride of an artist and produces 25 per cent. lower than other dealers ask for the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture are invited to an inspection of the beautiful, cultivated, refined tone and artist designs of these celebrated instruments:

The World-renowned Knabe, the Famous Decker & Son, the Popular Everett and the Reliable New England Pianos.

The Celebrated Ologh and Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs.

Please communicate with us for catalogues, terms and prices.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Ag'ts, Harboursville, Ky.

OR ROSE B. RICHARD, Postoffice, Stanford, Ky. Reference—A. B. Penny, Mrs. H. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beazley, Stanford, Ky. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard, Ky. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huddman, Lancaster, Ky. 153-17t

O. & M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route from

Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis. Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can get a

THE Knights of Labor in session at Richmond, Va., are considerably stirred up over the negro question, which threatens to cause a split in the ranks of the organization. This is absolutely too sad entirely.

THE speech of Senator Joe Blackburn in reply to that of John Sherman is published in full in yesterday's *Courier-Journal*. It is chock full of sound and good democratic doctrine and is well worth a careful personal and pondering.

principal witness against her. She, Ekins, Carter and Mrs. Davis are under arrest and threats of lynching are made. Davis is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for her part in the killing of Munday.

ply of novelties for the holidays. Mr. Back Henry, who was thrown by a vicious horse some weeks ago and seriously injured, continues very ill. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Gri-

to have had its day. The great fall meeting of the Jerome Park Association has been discontinued on account of the refusal of the authorities to allow betting on the ground.

Miss Agnes Owens was accompanied to the residence of the bride's mother, in this county, Tuesday at 1:30 o'clock by Elder John Bell Gibbon. Mr. C. B. Forman and Mrs. Lon Montgomery were the attendants.

to the State ticket headed by Gen. Gordon. There will be one republican in the Senate and four in the House. It is stated that there will not be more than fifteen anti prohibitionists in the entire Legislature.

THE COMMERCIAL GAZETTE CO.,
CINCINNATI

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W. B. McKINNEY, } Salesmen
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—SURREYS,—

Grain, Wool, Seeds, Feed, Coal, Lumber, Etc.

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Paints, Books, Stationery, Liquor, Instruments,
Oils, Soap, Tobacco, Cigar, Pocket
Lamps, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Cutlery,
Needles, Machine

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col
Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks promptly and in the best
style.

THE JUDGE'S WOOING.

Monsieur Zacharias Seller, and old judge of the tribunal of Stantz and member of the grand council of Lucerne, after having slept for twenty-five or thirty years through the clamors of the advocates on his circuit, had obtained the favor of withdrawing from his snug villa, situated on the Kunsnacht street, near the German gate. There he was enjoying himself under the supervision of his old housekeeper, Therese, a devoted person with a crooked nose and a chin garished with a thin, gray beard.

These, two, full of indulgence for one another, respected their reciprocal mania. Therese looked after the household admirably, ironed the linen, and took care to renew monsieur's stock of tobacco, shut up in a large stone jar, after which she was at liberty to attend to her birds, read her prayer book and go to mass.

Monsieur Zacharias was approaching his 60th year, wore a wig, and had no other distraction than to cultivate a few flowers and search for a time, but there came a morning when the world seemed a blank. He said to himself that he needed something more exciting than to watch flower pots in a window and begot himself in the mazes of stupid politics. He was very thoughtful for some days, but one evening, after supper, a bright idea came into his head. "I have it! I will go fishing," he cried, clapping his hands so loud that Therese called out from the next room: "What is the matter, monsieur? You might think you had a fit."

The idea thus suddenly born proved to be a stubborn one, and the morning on which Monsieur Seller first set out, provided with a pole, a big straw hat, a fishing bag, and other accessories, was a veritable affair of state. Therese was greatly displeased at this new turn in affairs. She mattered to herself and had moments of impatience, and was obliged to go to confession twice offener during a month than had been her custom. But, for all that, she was forced to conform to the new order of things.

For example, whenever monsieur was seized with a desire to go fishing, the excellent man, who deputed to himself his feline, would look up at the sky, and say with a melancholy shake of the head: "It is very fine this morning, Therese. What weather! Not a drop of rain for three weeks!"

Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the waistcoat, and the big hat of her master. Then the old judge would become animated; he would rise up briskly and say: "This is an excellent idea of yours, Therese. Yes, I will go fishing."

"Very well, monsieur, but be sure to return at 7 o'clock. The evening is cool now." One day in the month of July, 1844, toward 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Zacharias found his fishing bag so full of salmon trout that he did not wish to take any more, because, as he said to himself, it was necessary to leave some for the next day. After having washed his fish in a neighboring spring, and wrapped them carefully in paper to keep them fresh, he felt so sleepy that he thought he would take a nap in the hutch, and wait until the shadows were longer to mount the side of Bigelberg.

Then, having taken his crust of bread and moistened his lips with his little bottle, he clambered fifteen or twenty steps below the footpath, and lay down in the shade of the fir trees upon the moss, his eyelids growing heavy.

Never had the old judge been so sleepy. The oppressive heat of the sun, drifting his long, narrow of gold into the shadow of the wood, the murmur of insects upon the side of the hill, in the meadows and on the water, the distant cooing of ring doves quitted under the somber shade of the beech trees, formed such a grand harmony that the soul of Zacharias melted away in the universal concert. He yawned, opened his eyes, and saw a troop of jaybirds traversing the foliage; then turning he thought he saw the cork on his line whirl and descend; a salmon was caught; he was pulling it out, the pole bent in a semi-circle. The good man was sleeping profoundly. He dreamed, and the vast orchestra pursued about him its eternal music as the time passed on.

A thousand animated beings had lived their life of an hour when monsieur, the judge, awoke at the whistle of some bird he was not acquainted with. He sat up to see, and conceived his surprise. The strange bird was a young girl of 17 or 18 years old, with ruddy cheeks and red lips, her brown hair flowing in long tresses, a little turned up nose, a short petticoat of the color of corn poppies—a young peasant girl who was descending from above by the sandy footpath of Bigelberg, a basket poised on her head, and her arms, sunburned, but round and plump, resting on her hips. At sight of her Zacharias was deeply moved. He blushed, and rising said: "Good day, my beautiful child!"

The young girl stopped, opened her eyes wide and recognized him, for who in all the country did not know the worthy judge?

"He!" said she, with a smile; "this is Monsieur Zacharias Seller!"

The old man ascended into the path. He wanted to speak, but he only stammered some unintelligible words, like a very young man, so that the young girl appeared much embarrassed. Finally he made out to say:

"When are you going through the wood at this hour, my child?"

She related to him, in the distance, at the foot of the valley, the house of a forester.

"I am returning to my father, Yeri Forster, whom you know without doubt, Monsieur Judge."

"So you are the daughter of the worthy Yeri? You are the little Charlotte of whom he often speaks when he brings me his reports."

"Yes, Monsieur Judge."

"Very well, I will accompany you home. I should like to see the worthy Forster again. He must be getting a little old!"

vacant at your table, and a bed at the disposition of a friend!"

"He!" cried the forester, "if there was but one bed in the house, should it not be for the best, the most honored of our ancient magistrates of Stantz? Ah, Monsieur Seller, what an honor you do to the humble dwelling of Yeri Forster!"

And mounting the six steps before the door he cried out: "Christina, Christina, run to the cellar, Judge Zacharias Seller has come to repose under our roof."

At this a very little old woman, with a figure as stiff as a ramrod, but still fresh and smiling, appeared upon the threshold, and disappeared immediately, murmuring:

"Oh, God! Is it possible! Monsieur the judge!"

"Ah, my good people," said Zacharias, "in truth you receive me too kindly."

"Monsieur," replied the forester, "if you forget the good you have done others do not."

Well, if the truth must be told, Judge Zacharias passed the evening with Yeri Forster and his family, forgetting all the duties of Therese, his promise to be at home by 7 o'clock and his old habits of order and sublimity.

Imagine to yourself that humble sitting room, with its ceilings streaked with brown girders, the round table in the midst with its dish of trout and plates of fruit and honey, yellow as gold, and worthy Papa Zacharias presenting each in turn to Charlotte, who dropped her eyes, astonished at the compliments and tender words of the old man.

"Ah, Monsieur Judge, you are too good," said Christina. "You do not know how much vexation this little one gives us. You will spoil her with so many fine words."

"Dance Christina," replied Zacharias, "you possess a treasure. My Charlotte merits all I have said of her."

Then Yeri, raising his glass, cried: "To the health of our good and venerable Judge Zacharias!" and all drank to the toast.

"Ah!" thought the judge, "what happiness it would be to live here with Charlotte for a companion, at four steps from the river, where one could throw in a line from time to time and follow the chase with Father-in-law Yeri Forster, raising the echoes round about. Ah! what an existence!"

When the clock struck 11 he rose. How young and fresh he felt! With what ardor he would have placed a kiss on Charlotte's little hand, only he must not yet. He must wait.

"It is time for sleep, Master Yeri," said he. "Good night and many thanks for your hospitality."

And to see him mount the high steps of the stairs one would have said he was but 20 years old. But those twenty years lasted only a quarter of an hour, and once in bed, with the covers drawn up to his chin, and a candlestick flitting around his head, he said to himself:

"Sleep, Zacharias; you are very tired. You have great need of sleep."

At 6 o'clock the next morning he awoke, considerably chagrined at having slept so late after having boasted the evening before of his early rising, and coming down the steep stair he found only Dame Christina awaiting him, the forester having gone about his business in the wood and Charlotte to her cooking. So, after a hasty breakfast, and thanking Christina again for her kindness, he took the way back to the city, a good deal disturbed as to how Therese would receive him, but still cherishing the thousand illusions which had hatched in his soul like a late brood of linnet.

I will not try to paint the reception which the worthy housekeeper gave him; her reproaches, her rage even. She had not shut her eyes the whole night; she had imagined him drowned in the river; she had sent ten people to look for him, etc.

Monsieur Seller heard these complaints with the same calmness with which he had formerly listened to the metaphors of an advocate pleading a lost cause—he heard, but said nothing.

By the beginning of autumn he had fallen into such a habit of being at the forester's house that one would have found him oftener there than at home, and Yeri found himself much embarrassed to refuse the presents which the worthy magistrate brought him to accept in return for his daily hospitality. He would shake his head sometimes and say to his wife:

"I never knew a better judge, a more learned and respectable man than Monsieur Seller, but I believe he is out of his mind. Only the other day he wanted to help me build the hut for the titmouse, and then he must also help Charlotte turn the hay, while all the peasants laugh at him. This is not proper, Christina; but I do not dare to speak to him, he is so much above us."

"Let him alone," answered Christina. "With a little milk and honey this good Zacharias is content. He likes to be with us, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to our little daughter. Who knows but that he may adopt her, and when she dies she would be remembered in his will!"

The forester shrugged his shoulders. His natural sense made him divine some mystery, but he did not go to the length of suspecting the folly of the old judge. One day, however, he saw descending the mountain a vagrant laden with three barrels of Rikewine. This was of all the presents he had received the most acceptable to Yeri Forster, for of all things he liked a glass of good wine. And when he had tasted the wine he could not help crying out:

"This good Zacharias is the best man in the world. Go, Charlotte, and make for him a present of the finest roses and jasmines in the garden, and when he comes give it to him yourself. God, what wine! What fire!"

Zacharias followed close upon the heels of his present, and felt himself more repaid by the flowers which Charlotte hastened to give him, while the forester said cordially:

"You must take supper with us and taste your wine, Monsieur Seller. My wife is right to call you our benefactor."

Zacharias, seated at the table in the open air, his fishing pole against the wall, Charlotte opposite him and the forester on the right, began to talk of his prospects for the future. He had a pretty fortune, well managed, and he wanted to buy 200 acres of woodland on the edge of the valley and build a forester's house on the hillside. "We shall always be together," said he to Yeri, "you with me as much as I with you."

Mother Christina came in in her turn and devised this thing and that. Charlotte, who had been content and Zacharias imagined himself understood by these worthy people. And he went to his chamber that night full of the most blissful illusions, putting off till the next day his great declaration, doubting nothing as to the result. He held Charlotte's bouquet in his hand, and when he was alone he fell to kissing it with effusion, weeping like a child, and murmuring:

"Zacharias, Zacharias, you are going to be the happiest of men, and may I please God, you will renew your youth in a little Zacharias, or a little Charlotte who shall dance about your knees and caress you with her rosy little hands. At this the good man smiled himself, drunk with hope, his elbow on the window sill, his eyes wide open, and hearing as in a dream the frogs croaking under the moon in the silent valley. He had sat thus for an hour, when something like a volley of pebbles, or of dry peas, rattled against the window glass and aroused him with a start.

Everything fair in war.

Jonas, of Washington, Ind., toward the close of the late war, was boly servant to a quartermaster, and after the close, and when the quartermaster had been mustered out, as a last service before parting, to take a large box on a day to the freight depot and ship, asking Smith at the same time "if he could read and write."

Jonas answered that he could not, started off with the box, and on the way to the station removed the shipping tag which bore the name of the quartermaster and that of the place the box was to be shipped to, and substituted his own name and address, and by that means obtained a box of new army blankets the quartermaster intended to capture or steal from Uncle Sam.

Jonas, who is fairly educated, said in explanation of this commercial transaction: "Mr. Quartermaster 'captured' the blankets from the government, and I captured them from him. Everything is fair in war."—Detroit Free Press.

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"What is that?" demanded he in a low tone, raising the window a little.

"Charlotte, Charlotte, it is I," replied a tender voice.

Zacharias trembled, and as he listened with staring eyes, the foliage stirred, and a young man stepped out into the moonlight. The old man raised himself indignantly, and threw the window wide open.

"Have no fear, Charlotte," said the new comer, "I come to tell you good news. My father will be here to-morrow to arrange with Yeri Forster about our wedding." Receiving no response he asked after a minute:

"Where are you, Charlotte?"

"I am here," said the old man, turning very pale and looking fixedly at his rival. And as the judge began to speak with a raised voice, the youth said in a loud whisper: "In the name of heaven do not cry out. I am not a thief. I am Charlotte's betrothed."

"Yeri Forster never told me anything of this, the wretch!" gasped Zacharias.

"No, he does not know yet that we are betrothed. He said when I asked his consent that his daughter was too young; that I must wait. But we have engaged ourselves, anyhow. I have told my father, and he is coming to-morrow to see Yeri, and as I knew it would please Charlotte to hear this, I thought I would stop under her window and tell her the news."

The poor old man fell upon a chair as into my naves of grief, and covered his face with his hands. How he did suffer! What agonies traversed his soul! What an awakening from such sweet hopes!

At the end of a few moments Zacharias raised his head and asked:

"How do you call yourself?"

"Karl Inant, monsieur."

"That are your circumstances?"

"My father hopes to obtain for me his place as forest guard of Grindelwald."

"Charlotte loves you very much, does she not?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, we love each other very much."

"Young man," said the judge in a broken voice, "you do not know the evil you have done. But go now, go. You shall have news from me."

The young mountaineer did not wait a second longer, with one bound he disappeared behind the great trees.

"Poor, poor Zacharias," murmured the old judge. "Behold thy illusions flown!" And he went to bed sobbing, and covered his head with the bed covers so as not to be heard.

Toward 7 o'clock the next morning, having regained a little calm, he descended to the sitting room and found Yeri, his wife and daughter waiting breakfast for him.

"My friend," said he to the forester, "I have a favor to ask you. You know the son of the forester of Grindelwald, do you not?"

"Karl Inant! Yes, monsieur."

"He is the youth, mad, I believe, of good conduct."

"I believe it also, Monsieur Seller."

"Is he properly qualified to succeed his father?"

"Yes; he is 25 years old, he understands the management of snares and nets, and he can read and write, but he must also have patronage."

"Very well. I have influence in the administration of waters and forests, and in five days Karl Inant shall be forester at Grindelwald. Furthermore, I demand of you the hand of Charlotte for this handsome and worthy young man."

At this conclusion Charlotte, who at first had become very red, and who trembled like a leaf, fell with a cry into her mother's arms. The old forester turned and looked at her with a severe eye.

"What is this, Charlotte? Do you refuse?"

"Oh, no, no, father!"

"So much the better, for I have nothing to refuse to Monsieur Judge Zacharias. Come here and thank your benefactor."

Five days afterward Karl Inant received the brevet of forester at Grindelwald, and eight days later married Charlotte. Monsieur Seller could not be at the wedding; he was indisposed that day, greatly to the regret of the worthy forester and his family. Since then the judge rarely goes fishing, and when he does it is at Brunnen, on the other side of the mountain.—Mrs. L. A. McGaffey, in Chicago Herald, from Erkmann-Charlman.

He Had Studied the Manual.

A young man in this city, who had been prominent in lyceums and semi-secret societies, and whose strongest point his friends thought was the very natural and easy way in which he grasped parliamentary usage, recently had been studying for the ministry, and progressed so far that he was invited to take charge on a certain Sunday of the services in a suburban church where the minister had gone on his vacation. "He'll be a shining light without a doubt," said his friends. But somehow, when the young man came to get up at church to open the services he felt himself all at sea and didn't know what in the world to do. So he provided for all possible contingencies by having one of the deacons to sit up in the pulpit with him where he could be on hand to prompt him if any knotty question arose.

After the young student had pronounced the invocation and the choir had got up of its own motion and sang a voluntary and a chapter of the Bible had been read, the young man turned a little nervously to the deacon. "Hymn 429," whispered the deacon. The young man rose again with great confidence and sang: "It is now sung. As many as love the law of the motion will signify it by saying 'aye.' An awe-struck silence fell upon the congregation. 'Contrary mind, go,' said the 'presiding officer.' 'It is aye,' he went on. The hymn was sung, and the services proceeded from that point like clockwork. It was evident that the young parliamentarian felt the ground firm under his feet.—Boston Record.

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